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TO ZILLAH.

IN IMITATION OF LORD BYRON'S DEDICATORY ADDRESS TO IANTHE.

"Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propta amorem
Quod te imitari amo."——— *Lucret. lib. 3.*

Oh, thou, of fleshly mould, yet not less fair
Than aught that ever did on canvass glow,
Or aught that did ideal beauties wear—
Like Julie, phantom of the wild Rousseau ;
Yes thou art fair, if aught be fair below,
And young as fair, and innocent as young :
What wonder then if I, who little know
How to essay as lovers oft have sung,
Should ill awake the string, when the sad heart's unstrung !

Thy beauty's dawn—the promise of thy spring—
The gladdening smile that o'er thy lips doth play—
The eye that tells the soul's imagining,
And lights with joy all where doth fall its ray ;
The lily neck, where straggling tresses stray—
The roseate hue that mantles o'er thy cheek—
All these do such a perfect form pourtray,
As nought resembles—similies were weak—
The heart alone can feel what language fails to speak.

There is a transport this side of the grave,
When two young hearts are in one feeling blent,
In minglement of love, as wave with wave—
Of love unmixed with vulgar element—
A love on one sole being's weal intent,
That doth not vent itself in wordy speech,
But silent breathes a language eloquent ;
Such as to scan were not within the reach
Of stander-by, but well is understood by each.

Alas, such love but one of us hath felt ;
Thy youthful heart with love hath nought to do ;
The charms to win, the eloquence to melt,
Have never yet been seen or heard by you :
As yet thou shrinkest from beholders' view,
And dread'st the curious glance of stranger eye ;
E'en I am not of the familiar few,
To whom thou would'st unblushingly reply—
The heart perhaps might prompt, tho' tongue would speech deny.

What tho' thou now art distant long and far,
Think'st thou I see not still, as I have seen,
Thee, of my dawning hopes the morning-star—
Soul of my thought, in memory ever green—
Oh, since I saw thee first, tho' seas between
Have parted us, in solitary hour
Thou oft to me companionship hast been ;
Yes, thoughts of thee, of all-refreshing power,
Fall on the blighted heart, as dew upon the flower.

THE THREE DEVILS.

"Seymour, have you heard the story Paddy Sullivan tells of himself?"

"No. Is that the man that lives in the neat white-washed cottage,
on the bank of the river?"

"The same," replied Richard Butler to his cousin, Mr. Seymour, as